

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

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Duck Hunters See A Bear

One poor little black bear trying to find its way home off the flats at mouth of Arne's creek Sunday, scared the daylight out of half a dozen duck hunters, although they all declare he didn't, and the bear isn't here to speak for himself. It appears that among the mighty hunters who fared forth last Sunday in pursuit of the unwary duck were Harry Gartley, Leo McCormack, Jack Worden, Mr. Waters and Harry Coulter. Various kinds of luck was encountered, and all went well until along in the afternoon, when Leo McCormack, returning to the landing place with a bunch of ducks in one hand and a shot gun in the other, came across a bear. Seeing no cover handy he took to the water, going in over his head, and losing his game. Harry Gartley was the next to see his bearship, and the story goes that he climbed up onto the nearest snag, and wore the top of it bright trying to climb a little higher. He says that he was trying to get up high enough to see the bear in the grass, so that he could take a shot at it, but all the others agree that he forgot to take his gun up on the

stump with him, and scattered ducks in a mighty indiscriminate way, in the last twenty yards of the sprint he made to reach that point of vantage, in the meantime hollering to Harry Coulter to take to a tree because there was a big bear in the field. While this was going on Jack Worden and Mr. Waters had come upon the scene in a boat, Leo shouted to them to bring a cannon or a rifle or something of the kind and shoot the naughty bear. Jack was in the bow of the boat, and started to go to the stern where reposed his gun. Meantime Mr. Waters picked the gun up and started toward the bow to see what was doing, and when Jack arrived at the stern, of course the gun wasn't to be found, and he went back towards the bow to find it, passing Mr. Waters who was headed once more for the stern. During all this time, the bear was making tracks towards the hills, and the probabilities are that it is going yet.

Jack Worden is said to have been the first to see the bear, having spent the morning laboriously in quest of "Music" ducks for the Smithsonian Institute.

For We're On The Water Wagon Now

Well, it's finished, and what's more, it's O. K.—Wrangell's new water system. In spite of being constructed under the most adverse conditions, weather the like of which the north never saw before, unexpected trouble in erecting the dam, tides which refused to follow schedule, and above all and through all, the everlasting rain that has fallen upon this section this season. These are but a few of the troubles which those in charge have had to contend with, in the work completed last Saturday afternoon, which will stand as a monument, as long as Wrangell exists of the men whose perseverance and tireless efforts made the thing possible.

Half the town's population, including many "Doubting Thomases" who were ready to say "I told you so" in case everything did not go according to Hoyle, were on the streets Saturday afternoon to see what would happen when the water was turned on. Word was sent up to the reservoir shortly after one o'clock, and the gates were slowly opened. After what seemed an hour or more of waiting, the air began to sing out of the down town end of the pipe which had been left open, and the water came. Then began the fun. Councilman Johnson, who is no slouch of a man when it comes to size and strength, was of the opinion that he would have no difficulty in acting as hose man, and grasping the nozzle tightly gave the word to "turn her on." On it was turned. With a "f-i-f-f" the air and the first water were ejected from the tube, and then the water arrived in volume. Never before had our sturdy councilman realized how hard the nozzle of a hose could buck. He mastered it for a little while, and then the little drops of water knocked him down, and kicked me for falling, and a roar went up from the crowd which could be plainly heard a mile. So two others tackled the hose, got it pointed at the proper angle; and up the jet of water went. More was turned on until it mounted at least thirty or forty feet above the Hotel building, throwing a steady stream, and from that moment the value of the building lots and of the buildings on them, doubled as far as investments were concerned, for everybody saw, and said, that the danger from fire for Wrangell was at an end.

The other hydrants along Front street were then tested, the best results apparently being secured at the one in front of Grief's saloon, which threw the water, at least, twenty feet above the ball on the top of the flag staff upon the Redmen's Hall, or fully 80 feet above the sidewalk, demonstrating

(Continued on next page.)

Kuiu Charley Bound Over

On the charge that he was obtaining money illegally for practicing as an Indian doctor on Mrs. Johnny Khyam, Kuiu Charley was given a preliminary hearing before Judge Snyder Wednesday morning. George Irving, deputy U. S. Attorney, Ketchikan, represented the United States in the case, while Judge Thomas had the defense. The state put up a very weak case but in spite of that fact Kuiu was bound over to appear before the next grand jury, his bond being fixed at \$1000.

The little baby of Fanny Ullare died Sunday and was buried Tuesday.

In the twelfth round Jack Johnson, the negro heavy-weight defeated Stanley Ketchell last Saturday afternoon. At no time in the fight did the white man have a chance of winning.

Adj. Smith, who had been off on a tour along the West Coast, returned on the Seattle Tuesday.

Rev. Paigraeve, who was on his way out from the interior, preached a very interesting sermon at St. Philips church Sunday evening.

Farmers Gingrass and Goodrich made the trip over to their ranch yesterday, taking over a horse and a cow. They report that while the season has not been as good as usual, they have good crops of potatoes and other vegetables.

The launch Red Wing made port yesterday afternoon, on a prospecting tour for spring salmon. She had just come from the vicinity of Cape Fanchaw, where the run of salmon is said to be very light.

Come in and see the wheels go 'round at the Sentinel office. We have this week installed the first water-wheel in Wrangell, to operate our job press. It works like a charm and saves the editor a lot of kicking.

By winning four out of the seven games played with Detroit, the Pittsburg baseball team won the championship of the world for 1909.

Wm. Tamaree and family moved over to Petersburg this week.

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THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

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(Concluded from Page 1)

clearly that the new water system is alright. Joe Ensley, too, on the opposite end of front street to Councilman Johnson, was initiated into the mysteries of holding a hose, losing all the buttons off his vest, and getting a thorough soaking in the operation. The water was quite playful with him and Joe is still at a loss to figure out just how it happened.

The dam, which was completed Tuesday of last week, was constructed under the direction of F.E. Gingrass, and is a first rate job, as shown by the fact that it withstood the immense flow of water which the exceptionally heavy rains of a month ago occasioned. At that time, when the dam was not more than half finished, as far as actual construction was concerned, over two feet of water was going clear over the top of the structure, with little or no damage, except the washing away of some of the dirt filling. It is estimated that the dam will when reasonably full, hold more than ten million gallons of water.

N. L. Moen, who had charge of the laying of the pipe line, proved to be the right man in the right place, and the results he obtained were all that could be expected.

Saturday night the Wrangell Fire Department did themselves proud in celebrating the completion of the work in a grand ball and supper. Practically everybody in Wrangell who dances was out, and thoroughly enjoyed the occasion, so much so in fact that one lady was heard to remark that it was a pity that the pipe line wasn't completed at least once a week. If it would mean as good a time as that of Saturday night.

And so it was that the work was done, which means so much to the welfare of the town. Wrangell now has a water system which precludes the possibility of a repetition of the catastrophe of three years ago, and the thanks of the town are due the Council, who have labored so faithfully and so well to make possible the construction of Wrangell's new water system.

Almost A Wreck

The power schooner Edrie, owned and operated by the Chlopeck Fish Co., Seattle, had a very interesting and eventful time of it for a while last Thursday night. She was en route from Seattle to Petersburg, and when a little distance south of Union Bay, without any warning the crank shaft of her engine, a big piece of steel weighing over a thousand pounds, snapped in two, leaving the vessel at the mercy of the elements. The Edrie is not fitted for sailing, but the skipper, Fred Frederick, who was formerly a dory mate of Dolf Engstrom, fishing out of Gloucester, Mass., got some canvas on the boat and started to feel his way in to an anchorage in Union Bay. The night was a dirty one, with quite a wind blowing; but in spite of this, the boat was making fair headway, until just as she was well within the bay the wind suddenly shifted, setting her back, and before she could be gotten under control again, she struck hard and fast on a reef, and hung up.

Fortunately for all concerned, the tide was making when the Edrie struck, so that she floated a couple of hours or so later, and was hauled clear and anchored, none the worse apparently for the bump.

The next morning, the gas boat belonging to Pete Budreaux happened along and brought the captain to town, where he secured the Antelope to tow the schooner to Petersburg, after a stop here long enough to take out the broken shaft and send it back to Seattle for repairs.

Ex-Gov. Hoggatt was a passenger south on the Jefferson yesterday. He is on his way east to visit his family, and will return and commence operations on his mining properties about the first of the year.

Ed Lyons, an old timer of Wrangell, who installed the electric light plant here, has been in town this week.

Resurrection Bay and Turnagain Arm are now connected by rail.

Here And There In The North

Jack Williams, postmaster at Atlin for eleven years, has resigned.

A good quality of coal has been located near the town of Tanana.

Capt. John Johnson, formerly of the Ohio, is now pilot on the Dolphin.

Chief of police Moore has been selected to take the census at Skagway.

Natives in the villages along the coast of Northern Siberia are afflicted with leprosy.

The Fairbanks Times estimates the present population of the Tanana valley at 18,000.

The Royal Arch Masons of Fairbanks have organized a chapter with J. H. Casky, chief.

Harry Germain, convicted of running a gambling house in the Tanana, was fined \$150, and in default of payment was sent to jail.

An Eskimo has filed on a mining claim in the Nome District. This is said to be the first instance in the history of the camp.

Ture Hansen and John Cronblad the Atlin men charged with having stolen \$700 worth of gold from a sluice box on Gold Run, were acquitted.

Twenty-five sacks of U. S. mail each weighing 90 pounds, and containing nothing but gold, came out from Fairbanks recently, via Skagway.

A liberal reward will be paid to any one who will sent to S. H. Callen, Williams, Calif., information as to the whereabouts of Henry Montoux, a miner at Nome in 1900.

The report comes from Washington that First. Lieut. Terry, serving with the 22nd U. S. infant-stationed at Fort Seward, has been dismissed from the service for drunkenness.

Marathon racing still holds the people of the Tanana, and on labor day Arthur Hyde made a new record for the Northland, going over the course in two hours, 46 minutes and 31 seconds.

Six Japanese, caught in the act of killing seal on Walrus island, were tried before T. S. commissioner Brown at Unalaska and sentenced to three months imprisonment and \$200 and costs each.

The Katalla company engaged in railroad building at Cordova finds that each tie shipped from the State costs 87 cents. It has therefore entered into a contract for the delivery of 150,000 Alaskan ties.

Enterprising Japanese in the Klondike are taking steps to bring engineers from Japan on a visit next summer to study modern placer methods. The operations of the Yukon Gold Co., in the Klondike have spread throughout the world. The successes in the Klondike appeal to Japan, in which country placer fields have lately been discovered in the northern part of the islands.

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"Poor old boy!" she murmured. "That setback we got today when we had it all fixed up was enough to make you feel sore and glum. Never mind; cheer up. You know what Jimsy says, 'Hard luck can give you an awful battle, but if you're on the square you can hand it a knockout punch some time.'"

It was no use, however. Joe's sulkeness had sunk in; his temper was vicious, deep and ingrowing, a temper such as she had never suspected in him, and all her petting, all her loving coaxing, could not wean him from it. She pressed her cheek more closely to his and fondled him, but he jerked away from her embrace and surlily sought another chair.

As he did so the bell rang from downstairs.

"I'll bet that's Jimsy now," he muttered.

Much hurt, but disguising her feelings, Emma hurried into the kitchen and pressed the button that opened the entrance door of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a knock, the unlatched door opened, and James Smith walked in.

"Anybody at home?" he demanded briskly.

"Not a solitary living soul," Emma assured him. "Come in."

"Hello, Joe! You a dead one, too?" he said.

"Almost," replied Brooks, brightening up a little in spite of himself under the influence of his friend's good natured smile and cheerfulness that positively emanated from him. "Just come up?"

"Yep, and I reckon in about time to help," he said, glancing at the crockery on the table.

"Just in time," assented Emma, whose drooping spirits also began to rise under the diversion caused by his advent. "But first explain what you mean by not coming to dinner."

"I couldn't come, really. I tried my best, but I had to attend to such a lot of business that couldn't be put off that I was unable to get here in time. I hope you didn't wait long for me. I'm awfully sorry."

"You look it—I don't think," she scolded. "Go on; get busy if you're going to."

"All right," he answered, taking up a small pile of cups and saucers very gingerly. "Where do these go? If you left it to me, like as not I'd be putting a soup plate behind the door and slip a broom into the sideboard."

"They go right in here."

He stopped on the way to the sideboard and turned to Brooks.

"Seen the latest extra, Joe?" he inquired. "The Orinoco wasn't hardly scratched getting out of Rio Janeiro."

"You don't say!"

"Kind o' scraped over the bar. She'll only be a day late now."

"Do be careful with those cups, Jimsy," admonished Emma. "They're china."

"Don't you suppose I know that?" "I mean real china," she emphasized.

"All china and Chinamen look alike to me. Here's the paper, Joe. You'll find all about the Orinoco on the inside page."

He drew it from his pocket, and as he did so one of the cups balanced on the saucers slipped off and smashed to bits on the carpet.

"Now, Jimsy, you certainly are going to get it," commented Joe, rising and taking the paper extended to him.

Smith looked appealingly at his hostess.

"Jimsy," she chided, assuming an expression of mock gravity, "how could you—my very best Sunday go to meeting china! How could you?"

"Not how could I—how did I?" he corrected, stooping and picking up the pieces. "You know, Emma, I've had butter fingers ever since I was a little shaver, and I guess I always will have—in business and everything else."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"I've been clumsy all my life, that's all. Everything I've ever had in my hands that was worth much I've generally let slip and fall. Out in Colorado when I was a kid around Leadville they used to say that I sure would turn out to be a sawed off and hammered down, good for nothing man. So you see the way things have turned out. I've broken about even with that prophecy."

"How broken even?"

"Taking their side for the book, I win the first bet and lose the second. There ain't nothing sawed off and hammered down about me, is there?"

"I should say not," she said, with a merry laugh. "You've been pulled out like a piece of taffy."

IN

"Then I win, but it was in doubt quite some time. Never really did start to grow until I was fifteen, and then I just eased out into my present altitude. But the second proposition—that good for nothing bet—I guess they win."

"Nonsense, Jimsy. How can you say such a thing? You're good for a whole lot."

"Emma," he declared solemnly, "there have been moments of financial stringency when that declaration seemed to be open to doubt."

"Jimsy, you're an idiot!" she laughed.

"Discovered!" he avowed, bowing ceremoniously.

Brooks, who had been reading the paper, threw it down angrily.

"D—n him!" he growled.

"Joe!" exclaimed his wife reproachfully.

"D—n who?" inquired Smith.

"Why, Williams," he replied.

"Lots have done that," said the superintendent. "But what's the matter now, Joe?"

"His luck," went on Brooks. "The Orinoco isn't scratched. If any one else owned a ship and she got into a muss like that the chances are a hundred to one that she'd have foundered—been a complete loss."

"That's right," assented Smith.

"But Williams—he don't lose her. He couldn't."

"I should think you'd be glad," remarked Emma. "She's a brand new ship, isn't she?"

"No, I'm not glad," he declared furiously, rising and walking about the room. "I'm tired of him, of his rotten old steamship line, of all of it—you hear? Of all of it!"

"Joe, please!" she protested. "You know I—"

"I know you've slaved and bled with me long enough! Here I am—handling all the money of that line, ain't that so, Jimsy?"

"That's right," admitted the latter.

"But what's the matter?"

"Matter? Isn't it matter enough that I should do all this for a mean, miserable living? I suffer and work, and work and suffer, for that nasty, niggardly salary and this beast, this wild animal of a Williams, keeps us all starving—yes, starving! Don't I deserve something a little better? Do you know what I could do? I could steal thousands, and no one would ever know it!"

"Joe!" she ejaculated, greatly shocked.

"Oh, I'm not going to do it; but, with all this responsibility, when I ask for money I don't get it—not a dollar. You do, Jimsy; you're single and you can quit. And then Williams—what does he do? Comes around here to my wife with my mother-in-law—d—n him—and rubs it in."

Emma looked at him pleadingly.

"Joe, you mustn't. Captain Williams means well, but—"

He turned upon her savagely.

"That's it—he means well. He meant well when he was a south Pacific trader. He meant well when he treated his crew like dogs. He meant well when he'd kill a sailor with as much thought as a spider kills a fly. He meant well when he cheated natives, murdered men, smuggled Chinamen into this country, sunk vessels for insurance. He meant well when he came east, bought the Latin-American company and put your father out of business, and now—now that he has his money, his millions maybe, he means well when he refuses to give his men a fair share of what they produce. Means well, yes, he does—not!"

"Joe, are you crazy?" demanded his wife, alarmed and a little angry at his outburst.

"Well, there's a whole lot of truth in what Joe says," put in Smith conciliatingly. "You see, Williams did start out as a captain of a south Pacific trader, but, like most of them fellows, I guess he stole a good deal more than he traded. He had the reputation of being the strongest man on the coast or in the tropics—could break a man's arm with as much ease as you'd snap a straw. He's harsh, Williams is—harsh! When he came east he got control of the Latin-American. He loved money, and he got it—most any way he could. Yes, Joe ought to have more, that's sure. He ought to have more."

"You know I should," went on Brooks, somewhat mollified by his friend's acquiescence and support and drawing a bulky pocketbook from the inside pocket of his waistcoat. "I've got control of all the money of the company. That's my job. Why, here, this alone is the afternoon collections, too late to put in the safe, nearly \$3,000; more than twice as much as I get in a year. I could take it all and then not be caught or at least not for months, but—"

"Why, Joe, I'm surprised!" his wife broke in.

"Of course Joe wouldn't take a cent that don't belong to him," said Smith.

FULL

By
John W. Harding

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"I know that. Williams does too. So I guess he figures him safe and don't see the least bit of use in paying him more."

"But I won't stand it!" Brooks declared, waxing wrath again and flinging himself in his chair. "Why do you get raises, Jimsy? You've been advanced time and time again."

"Lord, I don't know," he replied. "I just tell the old fellow that I calculate I'm worth more money. 'Come across or we separate,' I say, and so far he's always come."

"I was so glad to hear of your last good luck," remarked Emma sincerely. A look of regret came over Smith's face.

"I only wish Joe had got it instead of me," he said.

Brooks jumped to his feet.

"You don't need to wish that, Smith," he cried excitedly. "I'm no object of charity—no, I ain't. And you're like all the rest of the capitalistic crowd—grind, grind, grind. Well, look out, there's going to be a smashup—you understand? A smashup, and you all go—millionaires, toadies and—well, that's all I've got to say."

He snatched his hat from a hook in the hall and went out without another word, slamming the front door behind him so heavily that the glasses on the sideboard rattled.

Emma gazed at Smith in blank dismay.

"I can't understand Joe," she said, shaking her head in worry and perplexity. "He's growing so morose and discontented."

"It's funny, ain't it," observed Smith reflectively. "Joe's just rushed out, filled up to the throat with anarchy, socialism, smashups and all that stuff, almost ready to throw a bomb."

"Nonsense!"

"He is, yet if Williams had raised him today \$10 a week he would have been a firm believer in capital and the way it works."

She sighed, took a seat opposite to him at the table and with great earnestness started in to question him.

"Jimsy," she began, "tell me honestly—why doesn't Joe get on?"

"I really don't know," he averred.

"I'm afraid you do," Emma insisted.

"Honest, I don't. I've been so busy getting along myself that I haven't paid much attention to any one else."

He paused and gazed up at the ceiling, engrossed in thought.

"You know, Emma," he went on suddenly, turning toward her, "this getting along business is a funny game. Such a lot depends on what a man means when he gets along. Some get along when they have got a lot of money, some when they have a wife and a home and a bunch of kids, some when they are able to pick pockets and fool the coppers. Getting along and why you do or why you don't depends a good deal on where you want to get."

"And you, Jimsy?" she questioned.

"Have you been getting along?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so. I ain't got a whole lot to kick about; perhaps a little less, maybe a little more, than Joe. But the great idea is not to get sore. Joe's all right. Maybe he's just being prepared for a better living. When it comes he'll appreciate it more."

"Somehow I don't seem to understand him as I used to," she confessed.

"There's been a change that worries me—that worries me greatly."

Three sharp rings of the bell put an end to further conversation, and she rose, disappointed, and pushed the button.

"That's mother's ring," she said.

"Please help me to bring some chairs from the parlor. We can't go there because everything's covered up and in disorder. They're papering the room. I shouldn't wonder if Captain Williams were with them. He takes mamma and Beth out in his new auto and has brought them around here quite frequently of late."

"Does he ever take you for a ride?"

"He asks me to go, but I won't."

"Why not?"

"That's just what I can't tell. There is something about the man that is repulsive—he looks at me so strangely. And then I know just how he has treated Joe, and—"

"And what?"

"I don't like him—that's all."

"That's enough, it seems to me. After all, I guess he figures all to the bad with women—decent women."

"Mamma and Beth like him."

"Well, your mother never did shine up to me more'n the law allowed, and as for Beth, she's a nice enough girl, but her education hurts her, I think."

"Hush! Here they are."

And the little woman hurried into the hall to open the door for them.

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Marble Man Fox Sells Out

R. L. Fox, the West Coast Marble man together with his family, came over from Shakan on the Seattle, Tuesday. He reported to The Sentinel that he had sold his holdings on the West Coast to the Vermont Marble Co., which company will handle the property hereafter. Mr. Fox will make his headquarters at Ketchikan for the present. He says that he considers that he has done his share towards developing this part of Alaska, having brought to the shipping point no less than three marble properties, the one he has just sold to the Vermont Marble Co., the Alaska Marble Co., and the Captain. The two former are now shipping regularly, and the probabilities are that the third will follow suit within a very short time, as there is a great demand for Alaska marble for inside finishing in the large cities of the coast.

Mrs. L. J. Cole who had been on a trip to the south, returned home this week. While below she took in the Fair, and also visited in Tacoma and Portland.

UMBRELLAS RE-PAIRED
Second hand Umbrellas for sale apply to S. S. Kincaid.

That old pipe of yours is fierce, better get a new one from Pat's.

M. A. McNurney the cable man, was a passenger to Juneau on the Seattle, whither he went for medical treatment. When he left Mac feared that he might have to undergo an operation, but the latest word over the wire is to the effect that he may get through without it.

Dr. Emery and wife returned from the West Coast on last night's Uncle Dan.

Howard Winter, Mrs. Matheson's father, arrived up on the Humboldt, and will probably spend the winter in Wrangell.

S. C. SHURICK, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

CALLS ATTENDED DAY OR NIGHT

OFFICE, REAR OF DRUG STORE
WRANGELL - ALASKA

C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.

DENTISTRY PRACTICED

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Office on Church Street

Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5

Other hours by Appointment

WRANGELL - ALASKA

Job Printing at

THE SENTINEL

Heard The President Speak

Wm. Cook was a passenger home on the last City of Seattle, from a trip to the Sound country and the Exposition. He reports having had the time of his life, revelling in the unusual conditions he found on the sound. The fair he said is all that it could be. Mr. Cook was fortunate enough to be in Seattle when President Taft was there, and had the pleasure of hearing him speak at the Fair grounds.

Big Game Hunters Return

The past week has seen the return of practically all the big game hunters who were up river. They all report the best of luck. They were Baron Brokenhausen, Germany; Mr. and Mrs. H. Disston and F. A. Janny, Philadelphia; P. N. Graham, R. B. Slaughter and Richard Elkins of Washington D. C.; and J. A. Teit, one of the best known British Columbia guides.

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

Manager McHugh, and wife, of the Pillar Bay Packing Co., were passengers south on the Seattle.

"Charley" Hooker, leaning on a large sized cane, and accompanied by his wife, passed through on the Jefferson Sunday, enroute home.

SUMMONS

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.
S. L. HOGUE, Plaintiff,
vs.
H. MOSS and EMMA M. CLANAHAN
Defendants.

To H. Moss and Emma M. Clanahan:

In the name of the United States of America:—You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and Suit within thirty days from the last publication of this summons, and if you fail so to do, judgement for want thereof will be taken against you as provided for in said complaint.

The relief prayed for in said suit is for the recovery of \$107.73 for merchandise furnished to said Defendants by said plaintiff, and the costs and disbursements of this action.

Done by order of the Court for the Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska. Made on the 6th day of October 1909.

A. V. R. SNYDER

U. S. Commissioner, and Ex-Officio

Justice of the Peace.

Wm. G. Thomas, attorney for plaintiff.

First publication October 6, 1909

Last publication, November 11, 1909.

Call For Bids

Sealed bids will be received by the Common Council of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, for digging a ditch, three feet in width, from what is known as "Cannery" Creek, near the head-waters of "Graveyard" Creek, to the summit between the two creeks.

Said ditch must be of sufficient depth to carry all the water from Cannery creek over the divide into Graveyard creek, and at the point where the waters of Cannery creek are to be diverted, a wing-dam or break water must be constructed of sufficient strength to resist high water in said Cannery creek.

At or near the summit between the two creeks, a catch basin must be built, said basin to be so constructed that it will regulate the flow of water over the divide between the two creeks and thus prevent injury to dam on Graveyard creek.

All work must be done under the supervision and meet the approval of the Committee on Construction of the Common Council of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, and must be completed on or before the twentieth day of November, 1909.

Bids must be enclosed in sealed envelopes, addressed to the Town Clerk, Wrangell, Alaska, and must be deposited in the Wrangell Post-office before one o'clock p. m., of Saturday, October 23rd, 1909.

The Common Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids submitted.

By an order made by the Common Council of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, this 19th day of October, 1909.

J. E. WORDEN,

Town Clerk.

"Jack" Hellenthal was a passenger for Juneau on the Cottage Wednesday.

Plumbing and Pipe Fitting

I am prepared to do plumbing of all kinds either by contract or day work. Everything guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

S. S. Kincaid

20 per cent.

Discount on every

Kenyon Rain Coat

In the Stock

These coats are the latest style and very servicable for Winter and Fall wear. Our patrons will do well by calling at an early date.

Have a look in our display windows for the latest cuts in

Youths' and Boys' School Suits
Men's Winter Suits
Ladies' and Gents Raincoats
Fall and Winter Top Coats

In our Sporting Goods department we carry a large assortment of

SHOTGUNS, RIFLES AND AMMUNITION

Call early and get the first choice

St. Michael Trading Co.

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

Wrangell - - Alaska

Olympic Restaurant

BANDO BROS., Proprietors

BEST MEALS
GOOD BAKING

Bread, Pies and Cakes for sale

WRANGELL - - ALASKA

Stickine Tribe Number 5
Imp. O. R. M.

Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.

Wm. Cook, Sachem.
A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.

Valuable Packages

Are not safe shipped by freight, the possibility of loss or breakage owing to careless handling is too great.

Express Them

They will then arrive in First Class condition and you will be saved the trouble of passing them through the Customs house, and besides, the cost is the same or less for small consignments.

L. R. MILLIGAN, Agent
ALASKA PACIFIC EXPRESS

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WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

Hello, Fellers! Don't forget the Number,

WRANGELL DRUG CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists